

**"Stronghold Grip"**  
(feat. **Poison Pen, Swave Sevah**)

*[ad libs for first 22 seconds]*

*[Immortal Technique]*  
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen  
Swave Sevah motherfucker (get 'em right now!)

I leave government spies and murderers  
wrapped in plastic like Dominican furniture  
I put the iron in you, like the center of Earth's curvature  
And make your block turn into the, border of Serbia  
My flow's dirtier than juiced-up players in baseball  
And beat you in the head like a sock with an 8-ball  
You got Stockholm Syndrome, and that's why I hate y'all  
Cause you be biggin up the industry while they rape y'all

*[Poison Pen]*  
Yeah, I spaz out (spaz out) and beat the shit out niggaz  
You fag out (fag out) and beat the jizz out niggaz  
Gloves (check) ski mask (check) duct tape (check)  
Get a ducat and lost and recovered and break neck  
Bed-Stuy, BestBuy, clique and rush the {?}  
Rip up the pavement, throw the whole block on you  
Pop up, you gotta get it  
Like Ricky in "Boyz N the Hood," stoppin to scratch a lotto ticket

*[Swave Sevah]*  
Yo, I feel the sudden surge given me the urge to speak (yo what up?)  
Scream somethin that's absurd and disturb the peace (fuck y'all!)  
Quick to throw a hot verse to beats  
You see the music I'm a prisoner, hip-hop is my work release  
I'm not the same Swave you knew, I'm a whole new person  
More assertive and aggressive, my attitude worsened  
I raise hell on this earth  
Your rap is over, you Casanova's gon' end up like Gerald Levert, bitch!

*[Chorus: Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, Swave Sevah]*  
[I.T.] Stronghold tighten the grip, on the underground  
[P.P.] I fight back-to-back holdin my brothers down  
[S.S.] You done started, with the wrong motherfucker now  
[I.T.] Married to the cause and we loyal, we don't fuck around  
[P.P.] Stronghold overthrow the whole fuckin underground  
[I.T.] Secretly run, by commercial motherfuckers now  
[S.S.] So while you little step-and-fetch niggaz run around  
[all] Controlled demolition, we bringin the structure down!

*[Immortal Technique]*  
Immortal Technique nigga, I'm the type to flip  
Cause me and my dogs fight to the death like Michael Vick's

And I don't hit women so I'm not gonna mangle your wiz  
A prostitute with an AIDS race'll handle the biz

*[Poison Pen]*

Hit the block with a pen and glock, a ox and rocks, a devil spray  
If that's a K, play yo' punk-ass infected with leprosy  
Leave you half-murdered beyond, recognition beat and indecent  
Leave you with your plastic surgeon for a remix

*[Swave Sevah]*

Yo, aiyyo I'm hard-bodied with it  
And these scars, contusions, concussions, fractures  
and pains you suffer from; I probably did it  
You ain't worth spit, I put a hit out on your mother  
Then fuck up you and your four brothers

*[Immortal Technique]*

You play Scarface when a microphone's in the room  
But you more like Pacino in "Dog Day Afternoon"

*[Poison Pen]*

ASCAP clappin 'em, all this rap traps  
Snatch that diamonds off your neck, worth 50 dead Africans

*[Swave Sevah]*

Yo, this dude is truly a joke  
That stuff got you feelin tough, must be sniffin +Peruvian Coke+

*[I.T.]* We spit Cold War syndrome, it shatters the bones

*[P.P.]* Spray my dependance on your bitch face when it splatters you on

*[S.S.]* Thrown in submission holds and choked 'til you tap out

*[I.T.]* And shut down your party like Whitney Houston's crackhouse

*[P.P.]* Stronghold, live and direct up in your set

*[S.S.]* The habitual line steppers - Swave, Pen and Tech

*[Chorus]*

*[ad libs to the end]*